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ONE PENNY  
No. 134 Vol. III.

# CITY



ONE PENNY  
June 7, 1878.

# JACKDAW



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JUNE 7, 1878.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

3

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# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 134.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## THE PUBLIC PARKS.

**F**OLLOWING the practice of our daily contemporaries, which about this season always vary their usual monotony by presenting the public with picturesque descriptions of the Manchester Parks, we now also purpose furnishing our readers with the latest news concerning these delightful places of public resort. We shall first describe

### ALEXANDRA PARK.

This charming suburban playground is about the same size as it was last year, though some of the soil has been washed into the sewers by the excessive rains of last month. Three new beech saplings and a holly bush have been planted in very advantageous positions, and no doubt in about a hundred years or so the beeches will be big enough to make clothes props of. The assistant gardener has had a new spade this year, and the head gardener lately bought a pair of boots, which unfortunately do not fit him. The pillar on the upper walk is still waiting for the clock which never comes, and is not much consoled because it has been recently washed with soap and flannel. The pond is about as full as last year, and its surface now is pleasingly diversified by bits of orange peel and sticks, which the imagination may take for sea serpents. The stately swans continue to go on to their haven on the island, but age has destroyed the melody of their quack, and they now show no human instinct except in their love of good eating. On the whole, for those who care about this way of spending the Whitsun holidays, Alexandra Park is a good place to go. The public-houses in the neighbourhood are not numerous, but very select.

### PEEL PARK.

This park is situated on the lovely banks of the Irwell in which the visitor may fish for trout, and will receive a high price from the Mayor of Salford for all he catches. The statue of Mr. Brotherton has not been recently whitewashed, and a proposal is on the tapis to blacklead this and the other effigies in the park in order to hide the dirt. The museum, as usual, contains a lot of miscellaneous curiosities, including the bones of a wild cat, and a mummy who died and dried some years ago. The chief and most precious Plant in the grounds has been somewhat roughly used recently, but bids fair to recover in time. The visitor is not allowed to throw empty bottles at the statues, and it is hoped he will study the inscription on the Brotherton effigy—which says that “A man’s riches consist not in the number of his warts, but in the balance at his banker’s.”

### PHILIP’S PARK.

This beautiful pleasure ground is situated near the gas works, and the exquisite perfume which is occasionally wafted from this useful institution, mingling with the healthy odour of decaying vegetable matter, and the more scientific smells of some neighbouring chemical works, almost leads the visitor at times to persuade himself that he has been suddenly transported to the spice groves of Arabia Felix. No change of any great importance has taken place in this park since last year. The trees have done a little growing, but they all look as if they had got tired with the exertion and left off. Five or six of the flower pots have got broken, and are on sale as old china. Enterprising botanical picnic parties have industriously sowed broken glass bottles in various sylvan recesses of the park, with a view of propagating the species, but hitherto their well-meant efforts have not been attended with much success. The visitor is not allowed to get drunk on the premises, but he can go there drunk if he likes and sleep it off amongst the buttercups and daisies.

### QUEEN’S PARK.

Queen’s Park occupies precisely the same space of ground that it did last year, but it is not on that account to be despised. The man who would despise a park because it did not get any bigger is unworthy the name of a savage. In other respects Queen’s Park has made great

advances. The fallow deer now bound gracefully through its sylvan groves; the animated squirrel jumps about on the dizzy treetops in a way which makes you wish you were a bird; the gentle kine lend a pastoral air to the landscape, and the smoke of a few score mills in the neighbourhood give the true Turneresque effect to the skyline. Blacks continue to fall and fertilize the ground, and the nimble hare is constantly startling the brilliant pheasant as he lies him to his rocky den. There is no waterfall, but if there was it would no doubt have a splendid effect, and would certainly be of great use to thirsty visitors who want to mix the contents of the bottles they carry in their pockets with the pure mountain stream. The visitor is not allowed to bury his mother-in-law in the park, but there is no rule against his standing on his head if he likes that position.

### SEEDLEY PARK.

This park is very young and deserves to be encouraged. The plants have not yet been taken out of the pots, because the head gardener is afraid that if he is caught bedding out Sir John Mantell will commit him. The tail gardener has no such scruples, and the blush of shame never Mantell’s to his cheek.

### BROUGHTON PARK.

This is the playground which the Mayor and Council of Salford have made such a fuss about. The park has, in consequence, grown quite cocky, and we will administer a well-deserved snub by passing it by without further notice.

### ARDWICK GREEN.

This is the paradise of nursery maids, and of the children who multiply in such extraordinary numbers in the Longsight and Ardwick districts. We might say that great improvement had taken place in the Green, but we cannot tell a lie about so small a matter. The truth is that no change whatever has taken place in the condition of this popular resort. This, however, it should be stated will not justify the visitor in bathing in the pond during the middle of the day, though when the shades of evening begin to fall he may, if he has a cat of which he wants to get rid, take it there in a bag and furtively throw it in.

## GOING, GOING, GONE!

**I**T is not every day that a man has sufficient courage, as well as sufficient cash, to purchase both a business and a shop in one and the same day. But the feat, extraordinary as it is, was actually performed in London a short time ago. The hero of the tale, however, applied to the magistrates at the Thames Police Court for advice soon afterwards. He stated that he went into a shop to buy a collar. He noticed by the bill in the window that the shop was to let, and spoke to the lady behind the counter about it. After she had told him all about the shop, he said to her, “How about yourself, my dear; are you to be taken as well as the shop?” She told him that she had been married already, and she thought that that was enough. He told her he thought that was all the more reason why she should try a second venture. After some talking, he persuaded her to say “Yes.” The Magistrate: “But had you never seen the lady before?” Applicant replied gravely that it was the first time he had ever seen her, but “directly he clapped eyes on her he thought she would suit.” He noticed the name over the door was a Jewish one, and he asked her if this would be any bar to their marriage. She replied “Certainly not,” adding that it did not matter to her whether he was a Jew or Gentile. They accordingly arranged matters, and a day or two later he met her by appointment, and gave her one hundred and fifty pounds for the business, on the understanding that she was to marry him. She now refused to carry out the agreement, and he could neither get her, the shop, nor his money. His Worship told the applicant that he had no power to force the lady’s inclinations. When will these women, to say nothing of the men, begin to act wisely and well?

## BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Messrs. Botham & Co., Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

## MOKEANA; OR, THE PILGRIMAGE.

PERSONS: Brave, Thornley, June, Muckle, and Sparwood.

SCENE: The stable-yard of an old-established inn at Keswick.

Thornley [to lad at the stable-door]. What, ho! there, within the rayless dungeon. Bring forth, I say, the fiery, untamed steeds.

Sparwood [aside]. Barry Sullivan, with the chill off.

Muckle. Be canny wi' the laddie. Dinna frichten the hair aff his head.

[The boy leads out a donkey.]

Thornley. Be thou spirit of racer or donkey dumb, bring with thee ears of leather or heels of steel, be thy contents thistles or potato-parings, thou comest to me in such a questionable shape that I will speak to thee. I'll call thee "Ab-o'th'-Yate."

June. Better call him Rosinante.

Thornley. I'll rosin both him and his aunt if he doesn't behave himself.

[Four more donkeys are led out, and, all being mounted, the cavalcade moves forward.]

Sparwood [enthusiastically]. Yoicks, tally ho! likewise view hallo! A southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning. Forward, the light brigade! Take the guns, Nolan said. Up, guards, and at 'em!

Brave. Restrain thy joy, good knight. Banish not from the breasts of the dwellers in this sequestered vale all peace of mind and happiness.

Thornley. In other words, don't hallo till you're out of the wood.

June. Let us smoke.

Thornley [lighting a cigar]. The man who does not smoke has never known any great griefs, cares, or solicitudes. Smoking has made more good husbands, affectionate fathers, and respected members of society than —

June. Than whisky. Oblige me with a light.

Brave. This is, indeed, the piping time of peace.

Muckle. She'll jist hae a wee bit pinchie o' the sneeshin'.

Sparwood. Keep to leeward, Muckle. The flavour of snuff always makes me dizzy.

Muckle. Diz it indeed, noo?

Brave. Blay him.

Thornley. Who slew Cain, Muckle?

Muckle. Abel.

June. Right. By the way, what huge mountain is that ahead?

Thornley. Helvellyn, sir, Helvellyn. I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn. Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty, and —

June. Thank you. That'll do. [A rustic beauty approaches.]

Thornley. I know a maiden fair to see. Beware!

Sparwood. I've no doubt she will beware of you.

Thornley [to R. B.]. Good morning, miss.

R. B. Good morning, sir.

Thornley. How are you this morning, miss?

R. B. No better for your asking, sir. [Passes on.]

Muckle. She's no' sae green as cabbage-looking.

Brave. Red-cabbage-looking.

Muckle [handing the "mull" to Brave]. Tak' a pinch after that.

[At this point Thornley's steed suddenly "jibs," and unseats its rider.]

Brave. Take him up tenderly,

Lift him with care,  
Fashioned so slenderly —

Thornley [gathering himself together]. Is this a time to joke? Ye gods and little fishes, behold my white waistcoat, and weep! [Sings mournfully.] Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, little do you think upon the dangers of d. d's.\*

June. Better have a step-ladder to remount.

Brave. Bind up his wounds. Bring him another steed.

Thornley. Oh, for the pavement of Oldham Street! [To donkey.] If thou docano' keep those heels o' thine deawn, I'se just shift thy baggin' wi' my shoon.

[Whenever Thornley makes an attempt to regain the saddle, his steed kicks viciously.]

Thornley. Why does the heathen rage so furiously? What shall I do with him?

Muckle. Gie him a wee drap whuskie oot o' the flaskie.

Brave. Put one of Alcock's pour-ous plaisters over his eyes.

June. Whistle in his left ear.

\* Mr. Thornley means dumb donkeys.

Sparwood. Kick him.

Thornley. In the multitude of councillors there is wisdom. I have decided to kick him under the fifth rib.

[Does so. Rendered submissive, "Ab" is remounted, and leads on again.]

Muckle. Besom Ben and his donkey, remounted, in cloth, price twa shellings.

Thornley. Why I crossed the Border; new edition; price a bob. But soft! What do I see?

Under the spreading chestnut tree

The village "public" stands;

Mine host a gross, fat man is he,

With large and flabby hands.

I beg to propose that the committee adjourn for luncheon. [Carried unanimously.]

Brave. Toast: Helvellyn. May his shadow never grow less!

Chorus. For he's a jolly old fellow, etc.

June. Toast: Thirlmere. May its waters never grow muddy!

Muckle [toast and song]. Toast: Scotland yet! Song: Draw the cork, Scotland!

Thornley. Toast: The man who saw a dead donkey.

Sparwood. Toast: The Union Jack of Old England.

Chorus. Rule, Britannia!

[On the return journey a discussion takes place on the power of the human eye.]

June. Undoubtedly, the human eye is a most powerful agent. I have, on different occasions, heard remarkable instances of wild animals having been quelled by an unflinching eye.

Sparwood. I wouldn't give much, though, for the power of the human eye when it is exercised on a hungry lion or a wounded elephant.

Brave. He has no thought but to kill, and the only useful purpose to which the eye can be put in that case is to squint along a rifle-barrel.

Sparwood. And knock all the squint out of the lion, eh?

June. Do you believe in the omniscience of the human eye, Thornley?

Thornley. Rather.

Sparwood. Why didn't you try it on that cantankerous brute under you, then?

Thornley. Be for ever silent on that subject, pray. Don't you see, he was trying to catch my eye when he upset me.

Brave. Did you ever hear of that astrologer who, by dint of long staring, upset the equilibrium of a planet, and brought it tumbling down to earth?

June. Next.

Thornley. That reminds me of a story I heard some time ago of a man who squinted in an awful style, and whose chief amusement was to go into the woods, and whenever he saw an animal in a tree to squint it down. The power of this particular individual's eye was so great that whenever he brought the squint into play, be the object opossum —

Muckle. D'ye mean 'possum up a gum tree?

Thornley. Silence, or I'll possum gum on your tongue. Be the object, I say, opossum, squirrel, gorilla, raccoon, or —

Sparwood [sings]. Raccoon he 'gin to scratch and bite;

I hit him once with all my might;

I bung him eye, I spile him sight;

Oh, I'se do chile to fight!

Thornley. I'll spile your sight if you don't keep quiet. Be the animal what it might, I say, immediately he came under the squinting influence he was fascinated, and came crawling down the tree and right up to the squinter's feet.

June. H'm! Ah!

Thornley. H'm! Ah! What do you mean by H'm! Ah?

June. H'm! Ah!

Thornley. Perhaps you don't believe it.

June. Believe it! I should think I did. Believe it! Oh, yes, of course I do.

Thornley. Well, one day this man went into the woods, and, looking about for a victim, he spied something in a tree. He didn't exactly know what it was, but he thought to himself, "No matter, here goes." So he put on that fearful and wonderful squint of his. To his surprise and disgust the animal never stirred. "Strange," thought he; "but here goes again." So he squinted again, more horribly than ever. Still the animal, whatever it was, remained immovable as Skiddaw. The man was now in a great passion, and after stamping and tearing about for two or three minutes, he squinted once more in a way that would have turned the

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newest milk sour; and yet there was no movement on that branch. He heaved a big sigh, went home for an axe, and chopped the tree down. When he came to examine the branch he found that what he had taken for an animal was merely a fantastic growth in the wood! But, I say, keep it dark: he had squinted all the bark off that tree.  
June. Heigho! Here's Keswick. [Curtain.]

### STRIKING AN ATTITUDE.

COME, all ye patriots, great and small,  
And gaze with admiration  
Upon the noble figure which  
Directs the British nation;  
And pouring forth in freedom's name,  
High sounding words of bluster,  
Alarms the Czar with threats of war,  
And puts him in a fuster.  
For this the secret is to rule,  
This all things else includes—  
The art of governing is that  
Of striking attitudes.

The papers which as bombast once  
His speeches all derided,  
And called them fustian, now are by  
His lightest whisper guided;  
The bold Reviews which sneered at Jews,  
And rubbish called each novel,  
Now join to swell the hymns of praise,  
And at his footstool grovel.

For this the secret is, &c.

The Tories, at whose lack of wit  
He's all his life been jeering,  
Applaud his every action now  
With lusty voices cheering;  
And Robert Peel, whose father he  
Abused in language vicious,  
Now backs him up through thick and thin;—  
O Lor! it is delicious!

For this the secret is, &c.

His policy's keynote is this,  
Set forth in words emphatic—  
England is not a Christian power  
So much as Asiatic.  
To fix this fact upon our minds  
The lesson quite home press,  
And check the Russian aims as well,  
He makes the Queen an Empress.

For this the secret is, &c.

When thousands of the poor Hindoos  
In famine's grip are dying,  
It seems, of course, a fitting time  
For spouting and flag flying.  
To soothe the pangs of hunger we  
Proceed a novel plan on—  
Proclaiming Empresses and Queens  
With elephants and cannon.

For this the secret is, &c.

The native Princes have their grief,  
But, in a soothing manner,  
We ask them all to the Durbar,  
And give them a silk banner.  
And lest the ladies feel aggrieved,  
And might their wrongs be glib on,  
We institute an order new,  
And hand them each a ribbon.

For this the secret is, &c.

Our Empire firm established there,  
With banners and processions,  
The road to it we must secure  
From Muscovite aggressions;  
And so the Turk we still maintain  
'Gainst all who dare attack him;  
Tho' he may ravish, burn, and slay,  
Our duty is to back him.

For this the secret is, &c.

And as the Czar persists and makes  
Our warnings unavailing,  
Then up and down the Dardanelles  
We set the fleet a sailing;  
And as he still, in spite of all,  
His wicked ways wont alter,

We bring some thousand swarthy troops  
From India to Malta.

For this the secret is, &c.

But then this novel principle,  
For Europe's wars to hire 'em,  
Alarms poor Derby—let him go—  
Naviget Anticyram.  
We'll ask the leave of nobody,  
But do just what may please us;  
And don't want prudent people with  
Their common sense to tease us.

For this the secret is, &c.

The Liberals say this goes against  
Our cherished institutions,  
And rave about their Bills of Rights  
And British Constitutions;  
With wretched trifles such as these  
Shall we our actions fetter?  
The spirit of the thing is gone,  
Why fuss about the letter?

For thus the secret is, &c.

For quite in vain are their attempts  
The Government to hamper,  
And on this bold aspiring chief  
To put a cooling damper.  
Then cease! oh, cease these factious rows!  
Wait till the curtain rises;  
Perhaps you'll find in store for you  
Some other nice surprises.

For this the secret is, &c.

### SEVEN-AND-SIX A WEEK.

HOW would the reader, with a large family, like to live on seven-and-six a week? Not very well; yet many families all through the country have to face the ordeal. And, as if that trial and struggle was not bad enough in itself, the fathers are often hauled up in our police courts for not sending their children to school and the like. At East Retford (Notts) Police Court, the other day, John Richardson, a farm labourer, of Sutton-cum-Lound, in the employment of John Smith, of Barnby Moor, was summoned that he, being the father of Eliza Richardson, between eleven and twelve years of age (under the age at which a child may be taken into full time employment) did neglect to provide sufficient elementary instruction. Mr. Bower, the school attendance officer under the local authority—the committee of the Board of Guardians—appeared in support of the charge. Defendant pleaded guilty. Bower handed in a certificate showing that the child did not attend school, and when he spoke to the mother she said the child should not go. Richardson pleaded poverty, and said that with his earnings he could not send the girl to school. He had nine children; there were seven at home, and his wages were fifteen shillings per week when he had full work. The child was twelve years old in October. Colonel Eyre (to Bower): Has he made any application for payment of fees? Mr. Bower: Yes; I am paying for two, and I should pay for this if he would accept it. There's another goes to school free. Colonel Eyre: Payment of fees has not been refused. No doubt the committee would be glad to pay in this case. The chairman: You are bound to send the child to school. You cannot keep her at home. Defendant: I must have something to eat, and I cannot get it with my present wages. The children must have something to wear and something to eat, besides going to school. This week I've only earned seven shillings and sixpence. For the last five or six weeks, in consequence of the weather being bad, I've only earned ten shillings per week. There's only fifteen shillings full time.—In the end, poor John Richardson was ordered by the bench to send the girl to school and then apply to the guardians to pay her fees. Happy, happy England!

### DRUNK AND INCAPABLE.

[BY A. TOPER, ESQ.]

NOT drunk is he who from the floor,  
Can rise again and drink some more;  
But drunk is he who prostrate lies,  
And who can neither drink nor rise,  
But from head to foot with "dirt" so scapable—  
This is the man who is "drunk and incapable."

The HATS THAT CANNOT BE SURPASSED FOR STYLE, DURABILITY, AND CHEAPNESS, ARE ROBERTS'S. 87. Oxford Street, near All Saints'



## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT one of the greatest debates and most important divisions in the House of Commons this Session took place on Tuesday.

That—listen, ye gods!—the momentous question at issue was, whether or not the House should meet on the Derby Day.

That quite a host of hon. members, led off by Mr. Chaplin, vied with each other as to which should show most eloquence.

That, overcome by his feelings, Mr. Chaplin became a prophet—a false prophet—spotting Sir Joseph as the winner.

That the race for the Derby was clearly made out to be one of our greatest English Institutions.

That 320 hon. members took part in the division—225 for, and 95 against.

That the Constitution does not always come off victorious in these days; but—thank the Fates!—it did so in this instance.

That the *Jackdaw* does not object to the adjournment.

That, for any good the House is doing, it might as well adjourn every other day, so that our representatives might be able to see a boat race, a walking match, a new play, or even a live whale.

That, Sefton being an outsider, the professional bookmakers once more pocketed all the money.

That the innocent and the ignorant, who had fondly expected to make a good thing out of the event, found, instead, their hearts heavy, their heads sore, and their purses empty on Wednesday night.

That many persons, even many Conservatives, refused to believe at first that the Earl of Beaconsfield is going to Berlin on the Spree.

That they didn't think the Premier could be guilty of anything of the kind.

That they now know His Lordship better.

That it is a nice little arrangement, after all.

That it is something quite unique for both the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary to be out of England for weeks together during a great crisis and while Parliament is sitting.

That it does not improve the matter that, while Beaconsfield is off on the spree, the Queen should be rusticated in the Highlands.

That Sir Stafford Northcote and the other Ministers will have a lively time of it during the absence of their chief.

That, we suppose, no member dare ask a question in either House as to the progress of the negotiations.

That it is not true, as was reported, that the Premier is going to Berlin on board the "Thunderer."

That, nevertheless, he will depart from England and arrive in Germany amidst a flourish of trumpets and a booming of big guns.

That His Lordship confidently expects to astonish the representatives of the other Great Powers.

That perhaps they will astonish him.

That not a few wise men believe that the Congress will break down and war between England and Russia follow.

That this would probably be most to Dizzy's liking.

That if, fortunately, a satisfactory peace should be concluded, a General Election in England would follow immediately.

That the Congress meets on Thursday next.

That its deliberations will extend over two or three weeks.

That, if peace is the result, Parliament will be dissolved as soon as it has voted all the supplies.

That the present Ministry, now in its fifth year, hopes in this way to obtain a new lease of life.

That the *ruse* may succeed.

That it won't if only the Liberals are on their mettle.

That the venerable Emperor of Germany has had another narrow escape of being nobbled.

That Dr. Nobiling did the dastardly deed only too well.

That Bismarck may find it a harder job to put down the Socialists in 1878 than it was to conquer France in 1870-1.

That all the friends of order must wish him success.

That the Lancashire operatives still prefer to starve rather than to work.

## THE COMING IN OF THE WATERS.

AT this moment, when we are witnessing the recrudescence of Divine right, when the trumpet has sounded as the signal for the resurrection of prerogative, when the Legislature has become faint-hearted and false-hearted, and votes away by overwhelming majorities a portion of the birthright of the people, it is well for those who are inclined to despond to remember that progress is eternal and that reaction can never be but temporary. No more powerful exponent of this consolatory truth has ever lived than he who is at once the accuser of the old systems and the prophet of the new, the denunciator of social and political tyrannies, the arch-apostle of liberty—Victor Hugo. I have thought it might not be altogether useless to offer a rude and imperfect translation of one of his most remarkable allegories, the Epilogue to "L'Année Terrible," which sums up within its brief limits the whole history of the advance of the human race.—*Figaro Junior*.

## THE OLD WORLD.

O tide, so far well. But begin to descend,  
Ne'er before to this height did thy surging ascend.  
But wherefore this sombre and menacing air?  
This roar, like a lion's disturbed in his lair,  
That proceeds from thy gulf? And this sinister light?  
And this black wind that shrieks through the clarion of night?  
Thy wave rises still! And I hear a dread sound  
Like the noise of an earthquake upheaving the ground.  
This, I say, is thy limit. Stop there! I command!  
The old laws, the old barriers encumbering the land,  
Chaos, ignorance, want, with prerogative clad—  
Subterranean bastilles where the hope expires, mad—  
The ghastly and terrible hulks where the soul  
Is condemned to toil on till it reaches Death's goal,  
The ancient subjection of woman to man,  
The feast, closed to those who are under the ban  
Of society's frown, and the ancient beliefs,  
Superstitions, fatalities, manifold griefs—  
Touch them not! Back, I say! they are sacred these things,  
And around them a time-honoured privilege clings.  
I have built these enclosures to prison mankind,  
And millions have long in these walls been confined.  
But thy roar still grows louder! nor yet dost thou halt!  
Everything disappears at thy frantic assault!  
There goes the old missal! and there the old code!  
And the gibbet falls prone like the grass that is mowed!  
Heavens, touch not the king! He is gone! oh, I fear!  
And these consecrate men, see they, too, disappear!  
Stop, for that is the judge! Oh stop, that the priest!  
God commands thee, I say, to leave this one at least.  
But what! dost thou threaten to swallow me too!  
Help, help, or I drown, O ye Heavens in your view!  
God! the tide disobeys and invades my refuge.

## THE WAVE.

You believe me the tide, but I am the deluge.

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. } WITHECOMB, 32 VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.



## PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

SCENE.—Small, dark Room in the Junior Conservative Club, St. James' Square.

GENERAL JOHN WILLIAM MACLURE (holding a letter in one hand, and tearing out his hair with the other): This is news indeed. (He reads.) "Beaconsfield presents his compliments to Maclure. The European Congress is sure to come off now. With our black soldiers from India, and your big resolutions from Pomona, we have given the Bear a terrible fright. Salisbury and myself mean to attend the Congress—I am the representative of the Empire of India, he as the representative of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Depend upon it, John William, we are just the men to do more than hold our own against the German Bismarck and the Russian Gortschakoff. During my absence from these Isles, I leave the whole interests of the Great Conservative party entirely with you. If we succeed, if we get all, or nearly all, that we want, there must be a tremendous amount of cock-crowing and blaring of trumpets; and then—ay, then!—a general election will come off in the midst of it all. Capital dodge! What do you think, Maclure? Keep it dark from the Liberals. Have all the Conservative wires in good working order, and we'll show our unscrupulous enemies what the next, the near, election will do for us and for them. Meanwhile, John William, adieu! Your responsibility is great; but your reward, both here and hereafter, will be great, too."

[Rings the Bell. Enter a Waiter.

GENERAL MACLURE: Go say to Adjutant Maltby that I command his presence without delay.

[Exit Waiter.

Maltby is a decent sort of fellow. But he is a small man. I hold him in my hand. He is my creature. I command; he obeys. I think I may trust him with this great secret at once. As for the others—

[Enter Adjutant Maltby.

Good evening, Adjutant.

ADJUTANT MALTBY: Good evening, valiant General. What would you wish thy humble servant?

GENERAL MACLURE: Ah, Maltby, my boy, I hold that within this broad breast of mine which, were it known, would set the land in flames from the English Channel on the south to the Pentland Frith on the north, and from the Atlantic Ocean on the west to the German Ocean on the east.

ADJUTANT MALTBY: You say not so, great General?

GENERAL MACLURE: I have said it, man; and, mark me well, what I say no son of Adam can, or dare, unsay or gainsay.

ADJUTANT MALTBY (kneeling): Upon my bended knees I humbly seek forgiveness.

GENERAL MACLURE: Nay, rise; this is no time to play the dancing-master, or the flunkey either. Great events are near, Adjutant.

ADJUTANT MALTBY: What?

GENERAL MACLURE: A European Congress, a general election, a roistering Conservative victory!

[Enter, unnoticed, Captain Croston.

CAPTAIN CROSTON (excitedly): A general election?

GENERAL MACLURE: Yes; a general election.

CAPTAIN CROSTON (swooning): In Manchester our forces are not prepared.

GENERAL MACLURE: What say you, Adjutant?

ADJUTANT MALTBY: I have reports from every quarter, and they do show that we never were in better form for an encounter and a triumph.

CAPTAIN CROSTON: I believe it not; and I ought to know. Why, Houldsworth has not yet mastered his political catechism.

GENERAL MACLURE: What of that! Bags of gold go further than stores of knowledge at election times. What shall we win by, Adjutant?

ADJUTANT MALTBY: Five thousand, at the very least.

CAPTAIN CROSTON: That's a crammer!

GENERAL MACLURE: Silence, Captain. The Adjutant says we'll win by five thousand. At our meetings we'll say ten thousand; for drawing the long bow tells with some people—it alarms our opponents and gives our followers more confidence.

CAPTAIN CROSTON: I still think that Houldsworth is not the right man for us Conservatives. He is too much of a gentleman, and both his views and his language are far too moderate.

GENERAL MACLURE: I guess as much myself. But we must keep it dark. All else that has passed to-night must also be kept dark. [Alarmed.] What's that?

[Just then the City Jackdaw, who had been sitting in the chimney all the time, fluttered down into the room, and hopped out at the door, caw-cawing as if to split with laughter.]

Betrayed again by that unwearied, impertinent bird! The Liberals will know all! Oh dear! Oh dear!

[The General calls for brandies-and-sodas all round.]

[Curtain.]

## A CONGRESS OF THE POWERS.

CHORUS OF DIPLOMATISTS.

WE arrive at the conclusion,  
And we publish it with joy,  
That to fight is a delusion,  
Wiser means we will employ.  
We have pleasure in declaring  
That no more the battle lowers,  
Each of us is bent on sharing  
In a Congress of the Powers.

[An interval of six months elapses.]

CHORUS OF THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

Where is the Congress?  
What's become of it?  
When will it be meeting?  
Where will it sit?

CHORUS OF NEWSPAPERS.

In the first week of January,  
Although about the day we vary,  
The Congress now is sure to meet—  
A prospect we regard as sweet.

CHORUS OF THE PUBLIC.

Oh where and oh where is the Congress now?  
Oh where and oh where is it gone?  
For it seems there is yet a good chance of a row,  
Although we were told there was none.

CHORUS OF NEWSPAPERS AND DIPLOMATISTS.

Owing to circumstances unforeseen,  
No Congress of the Powers there yet has been;  
But though the situation has been scary,  
The Congress now is fixed for February.

CHORUS OF THE PUBLIC.

In February, this, the final week of,  
We have not yet heard  
Of the Congress which you often speak of;  
Pray, is not this absurd?

CHORUS OF NEWSPAPERS.

Our diplomacy was wary,  
And the month of February  
Was not found a season fitting  
For a Congress to be sitting.  
But 'tis certain that in March  
(Do not, pray, be chicken-hearted),  
Ere the budding of the larch,  
Congress will have met and parted.

CHORUS OF THE PUBLIC.

March is come and nearly over,  
Still no sign we yet discover  
Of the promised Congress meeting;  
Pray, remember, time is fleeting.

CHORUS OF NEWSPAPERS AND DIPLOMATISTS.

Gone the complication cure'd!  
Brothers be no longer foemen!  
Congress meets on April first—  
(British public) absit omen!

CHORUS OF NEWSPAPERS.

If the Congress had met  
In the month which is past,  
From the news which we get,  
Its results could not last.  
But we're happy to say  
That all things are in tune—  
It will meet on a day  
In the second week of June.

[An indefinite interval of time elapses.]

CHORUS OF DIPLOMATISTS AND TORY NEWSPAPERS.

Where is the Congress?  
What's become of it?  
It's gone to the Devil,  
Because it did not fit.

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

## RENEGADE PRESBYTERS.

THE general dulness of the Manchester Presbytery was on Monday last enlivened by a discussion which brought into prominence the fact that even amongst the body of staunch and true Liberals there are some weak-kneed brethren who, following the fashion of these hypocritical times, are disposed to think less about their principles than about the expediency of making things pleasant all round. Some weeks ago the Presbytery passed, at two different times, resolutions emphatically demanding a peaceful solution of the Eastern Question. They did not attack the Government—except by unavoidable implication—they did not even question the good faith of the Tory party; they simply, as men whose especial business it is to preach the doctrine of peace and good will amongst men, seized a most important opportunity of giving practical effect to these doctrines. Yet, according to the Rev. John Reid, the Presbytery in so doing has given offence to certain people belonging to the Church, and he, therefore, on this alleged ground, judged it expedient to propose a motion which in itself was absurd, because it could at any moment have been set aside if the Presbytery thought fit, and which, in addition to being absurd, was cowardly, and involved a certain abnegation of principle and of Presbyterian tradition. What Mr. Reid proposed was that no "extra-Presbyterial" business should be taken into consideration unless a month's notice of it had been given. Now this motion, as Mr. Reid did not deny, was prompted by the passing of the two resolutions to which we have referred, and its intention was obviously to prevent all discussion of "extra-Presbyterial"—or rather of quasi-political—questions, for Mr. Reid of course knows that it would be absurd to give a month's notice of motion with respect to some political subject, since the great probability is that before the month has elapsed the motion will be obsolete. Mr. Reid talked very fluently about the danger of the Presbytery being misled owing to the want of time for the consideration of questions suddenly brought up, but we do not think we are doing him an injustice in saying that this was not his true reason. What the reverend Moderator's politics are, we do not know. Probably he could not fairly be called a Tory, but if he had come forward as a Tory objecting to something that seemed adverse to Toryism, one could have understood his position. But he took action why? Because he is a friend of the Government? No. Because he is in favour of war? Assuredly not; but because a few white-livered individuals—we doubt if there are fifty in the whole of the district included in the Presbytery—think that the Presbytery ought to confine itself to its own routine business, and avoid altogether the main object for which the Church exists, namely, the propagation of Christian principles. Mr. Reid is not a man particularly open to conviction, but the facts that his motion was seconded by the Rev. J. Gardiner—a gentleman who is constantly jumping up on the slightest pretext and chattering away silly commonplaces—and that it was supported by the Rev. W. Young—a well-meaning man, who is so anxious to make things pleasant that he would probably allow a certain nameless personage the use of his pulpit rather than hurt his feelings by a refusal—might convey more instruction to Mr. Reid's mind even than the fact that his proposition was rejected by eighteen votes to five. If the speeches of Mr. Reid and his four supporters embodied Presbyterian principles, then we have been under a gross misapprehension with regard to those principles. Grand old John Knox would have turned in his grave if he could have heard these gentlemen urging the Presbytery to surrender its liberty of plain speaking because some "weaker brethren"—imbecile brethren we should call them—do not think plain speaking expedient. If those who fought the battle of the Church hundreds of years ago had been animated by such a spirit, Mr. Reid would in all probability not now be Moderator of the Manchester Presbytery, because there would never have been any Presbytery in Manchester or elsewhere to moderate. Besides, even if there were ten times as many persons offended because of the action of the Presbytery, does not Mr. Reid think that this body, composed of picked men, the fathers, ministers, and elders of the Church, is far better able to judge of its own rights and duties than these "weaker brethren" are likely to be? The Presbytery at any rate showed that it is not to be dictated to by these people. Its decision was the only one consistent with manliness, with common sense, and with the traditions of the Church, and we trust that the day will never come when it will be afraid to speak the truth openly, even though it should by implication censure whatever Government happens to be in power.

## THE RAMBLERS' CLUB.

[FROM THE OFFICIAL REPORT.]

"HANG the rain!" burst forth, after five minutes' utter silence, from our Grumbler, though it was a harsher and stronger expletive he used; but I will not name the word or speaker, so surely do I believe that, as in Uncle Toby's case, "the accusing spirit, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the Recording Angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear across the word and blotted it out for ever." For the circumstances were, to say the least, trying. Here we were, this time four of us, set out once more on a Derbyshire excursion, and we had no sooner left the railway behind us than the artillery opened fire, and the frequent flashes lit up the dark clouds, and the water came down as though someone had accidentally upset a sea in the regions above. And we had set out so blithely, too. We had wandered cheerily down Miller's Dale, now gazing at the starlings as they flew above and beneath the overhanging cliffs, and now looking at the myriad flies which fleckered the surface of the broad river, when suddenly the sky grew overcast, and the bright sunshine waned, and the thunder pealed across the hills, and the lightning darted along the valley, and the rain fell in torrents. "Ah!" sang our Lighthouse—

"Ah! ever thus from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I ne'er set out without a shower,  
Or walked but on a rainy day.  
I never sought the lonely dell,  
On banks of Derwent, or of Wye;  
But ere I come to know it well,  
I found the rainclouds in the sky."

It was then that the grumbler used the phrase already mentioned, not so much in profanity, I am sure, as in what the grammarians call the imperative mood, and with some sort of a vague idea that Derbyshire rain may be dammed as safely as a mill stream.

But we walked on by the side of the river, despite the storm, and we climbed the steep hill which rises behind the Litton Mills. There is a great deal of fun in climbing a hill when you are in a company of different sizes. The slim and quiet man plods along, always steadily advancing step by step, and makes quick progress. The stout man works at it like a tramp on a treadmill for a dozen yards, and then bethinks him that it is desirable to halt, of course, not for rest, but only to admire the view. The loquacious man is now in the rear, and anon with the main body, just in proportion as his paroxysms of chaff or his hearty laughter at his own jokes exhaust his breath. The phlegmatic man, his lungs going like a pair of bellows, says no word and moves no facial muscle, but steadily steps along as though the hill were miles in height, and he had years in which to scale its summit. Once on the top of the hill, however, there is a lane running over the highlands, through an infinite space of square-cut meadows, each separated from its neighbour by those cold grey walls which strike a chill into the soul and set the vagrant fancy thinking of gravestones. Everywhere, far as the eye can see, is an almost treeless country, and all bare and scanty pasture, without a crop of wheat, or even oats, to give robustness to the sickly green, or a single ploughed-up field to relieve with a touch of brown the sad monotony. Still, brisk walkers soon get out of those uninteresting byeways into the little less varied highway, and there before them, high up on the hill-side, is the village of Litton.

It was hard walking; but a commensurate reward awaited us. Here within a few miles was new weather and a new country. The rain has ceased. The thunder clouds have sped onward to vex other valleys to the north-west. The sun sheds its radiance over the wide landscape. The breezes blow brisk and fresh across the uplands. The sky is filled with massive clouds, which wane from grey in their central depths, to brightest silver at their edges. The masses break and disperse, and light fleecy shapes move onward, revealing as they pass wide spaces of the rich blue firmament. If there is no charm in the distant hills, no loveliness in the lonely land where neither man, nor horse, nor sheep, nor even bird is seen or heard, there is beauty enough in the ever-changing cloudlets which gently glide across the azure sky.

Litton village has little to attract us. Cathos averred that as there was a church there was sure to be an inn close by, and, to test his veracity rather than for any personal purposes, we thought we would go and look. Cathos in this instance happened to be right, so in compliment to him we entered, and, while imbibing of the liquor which so powerfully helps the pedestrian on his journey, learned much of the surrounding neighbour-

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hood from the intelligent host, and gathered from other sources some curious information which Athos did not fail to make the basis of several large generalisations as we went on towards Middleton Dale.

"There," said Athos, "is confirmation of all I have said. There is a girl, a shrewd, and a comely girl, and she has lived here all her life and has never been, and perhaps does not know her way, to Eyam. You may go, as I have gone, to a dozen villages in Derbyshire, and ask your road, and you are sure to get, if not absolutely misleading, at least delusive, answers. Why? Because the peasants are content to dwell in and interest themselves in their own little community. The next community is no larger than theirs, or its name is familiar to them from childhood, and they ask themselves what is there that can make it worth while to take a tiresome walk to see it; while the familiarity in the other case simply breeds contempt. Our country people are the very reverse of nomadic. Their village is the hub of the universe, the farm on which they work is the hub of the village, and their cot a very important spot on the hub of the farm."

"But do you mean to say they never go away," said Selwyn, who is comparatively a new member, and does not know that interruptions are to Athos as fuel to a fire.

"Yes," said the oracle; "they will go to fairs and well-dressings; if the scene is far enough away to satisfy them on their return that they have made a 'journey;' and others and younger ones will go to the towns to labour, as at Taddington, which I will take you to some day, if only in order to show you the ruined cottages of those who have gone from the fields to the factories. But as for the mass, they don't and will not go, as we are going now, from one village to another merely for the sake of seeing what each is like. Love, I believe, was the first road-maker. The amorous youth met by chance a sympathetic maid of a neighbouring hamlet, and he wandered across the fields by the hawthorn hedge to tell her the old, old story. His nightly walk left a track on the meadow grass; that track became a path, and that path a lane, until as years went on, and highway boards came in, the lane became a road, and all because in the long ago a passionate Colin wandered by the nearest way to indulge in gentle dalliance with his Phyllis."

Selwyn happily made no reply, and we who know Athos well never do, so the party for a time relapsed into silence, as we dipped from the highlands into the prolonged descent which runs down to Stoney Middleton. What a delightful dale it is. It is simply a roadway running between steep walls of rock, not a drop of water to be seen save the trickling rivulets which the morning rain had sent rippling in zigzag fashion down the banks; but the rocks and the trees, only just putting on their spring dresses, afforded a continual feast for the eye. Crags, like castles, rise above you, round and even, just as though they had been designed by some old architect of Round Tower reputation, and then above them on the very brink, and growing out of them where it would seem that no particle of soil could find a resting place, were slender trees and clustering bushes, which gave a softness to the colour of this rugged and striking picture. There are some leadworks and limekilns in the valley; but you can surely turn your head the other way for five minutes as you pass them, and as surely forget them when the fumes have ceased to supply you with reason enough to keep them in mind.

High up among the greenest hills of the whole Peak district, embosomed in them, in fact, and garlanded all round with a rich profusion of vegetation, stands the ancient and historic—and may we not say melancholy?—village of Eyam. For is it only an impression, or is it not rather the fact, that the great sorrow of two centuries ago has left its marks upon the village and upon the people? It was Athos who suggested the inquiry. He had been reading of the devastation made in the little village by the terrible plague, and of the heroic self-sacrifices made by the noble-hearted villagers in order to prevent an extension of the foul disease to other townships; and he said that such an overwhelming disaster must leave permanent marks upon the descendants of the few survivors of the pestilence. It was his old argument revived in a new connection. The people, he held, remained here from generation to generation, and, as was shown by several tombs in the churchyard, it would be possible to trace back many now-living families to the time of that fell affliction, and there would be hereditarily transmitted from sire to son a sadness that might almost be called constitutional. "I confess," he said, "though I am not sure it may not have been the result of the mournful feelings by which I was inspired in recently reading the story, that I no sooner entered this lonely village, and looked at its grey-green houses, than a

chill ran through me as though I had entered the home of death." To none of the rest, however, did any such gloomy thoughts occur. The bright sun was glinting upon the umbrageous trees, and dancing shadows fell on the ground beneath them—

And the first fruits of pear and apple bending  
The young boughs down, their gold and russet blending,  
Made glad our hearts, familiar odours lending  
To the fresh fragrance of the birch and pine,  
Life-everlasting, hay, and eglantine,  
And all the subtle scents the woods combine.

How could we in our blithesome mood share the doleful thoughts of Athos, or think of anything in Eyam but its quaintness, its delightful lanes, and its picturesque corners, where, beneath the spreading branches of stately elms, rustic cottages were embowered. By-the-bye, you must mind, when you walk in these dales, that you do not err in the local pronunciation, or you will fail to make yourself understood when you have occasion to ask your way. You must not say Eyam as though it rhymed with Siam, for the custom of ages has made it Eyam as though it were the wedded bride of steam.

There was, of course, another halt for another application of "the spur that the clear soul doth raise to scorn fatigue and live laborious days;" and then, once more onwards. Along the Sheffield highroad, which runs out from Eyam upon a ledge, more green plantations on our left, and below us, on the other side, the land dipping down into the basin from which we can see the smoke of Stoney Middleton ascending; and there, rising high on the other side of the lovely Derwent Valley are hills clothed with wood from crown to base—Froggat Edge, Curbar Edge, Baslow Edge, so one of the party names them successively after study of the ordnance map; and everywhere in this sweetly pastoral dale the trees look richer, and the grass greener, and the country fatter than in any other part of this varied shire; while all around the air is filled with the melody of "the swarming songsters of the careless grove—ten thousand throats that, from the flowering thorn, hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love." It is a land to linger in; but we must hasten, for the day is speeding, and the way is long, and so is the hill which leads up to the bleak moors over which we enter Hallamshire—three miles long, in fact, so they tell us at Grindleford Bridge, and three good miles it proves to be; but a pleasant ascent nevertheless, with coppices profuse of shade on this side and on that, and occasional vistas opening through leafy glades, and revealing long views of a far off landscape. A few little cottages, an old mansion, seemingly deserted, set in a spacious pleasance on the brow; once a farmer driving his gig homeward from Sheffield market, and once a gamekeeper treading his evening round—these are all the signs of humankind we see, until, after the hill and a tract of moorland are left behind us, we reach the lonely Foxhouse Inn, whither all good Sheffielders flock on Saturdays and Sundays. There is at least no lack of society here. Wagonettes and dogcarts are in waiting, and half-a-dozen pleasure parties are within or wandering along the roadway, inhaling the pure strong air that blows over miles of mountain. Then, presently, we come to the point wherefrom the broad lands are seen stretching far and wide towards the distant and unseen German ocean—a view, perhaps, even more expansive than that from the Malverns, and then down the hill, with the accelerated speed of men who bethink themselves that they want a dinner, right into smoky Sheffield town.

### BACHELORS, BEWARE!

M. LAROCHE JOUBERT is sorely exercised in his mind by the fact that the population of France is not increasing. He has, therefore, introduced a couple of bills into the Chamber of Deputies with the laudable object of compelling bachelors to become husbands and fathers. The first concerns citizens called on for military service. He proposes that all citizens who have two, three, or four legitimate children shall be exempted from serving their country. But he does not stop here. People, thinks M. Joubert, are culpably neglectful of their country's interests by refusing to become benedicts. Bachelors should be gently forced towards the hymeneal altar by being deprived temporarily of their civil rights. His second *projet de loi* suggests the advisability of erasing from the list of electors all Frenchmen between the ages of twenty-six and forty until such times as they shall have taken unto themselves a wife. The *City Jackdaw* wishes M. Joubert every success, and hopes that some equally far-seeing and fearless member of the English House of Commons will go and do likewise. Bachelors, beware!

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Boxes, 184d. and 2s. 9d.



## THE THEATRES.

"**LIZ**" has been continued during the week at the Royal, and will be succeeded next week by Mr. R. Barker's *Dan'l Druce Company*, in *Sweethearts*, *Tom Cobb*, and *The Wedding March*. At the Prince's, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's Comedy Opera, *The Sorcerer*, has also been repeated every night, and by no means loses its charms on a better acquaintance; on the contrary, the music seems brighter and the libretto more sparkling. Almost from beginning to end the audience is kept in a roar of laughter; and Mr. Cook's song, "Ah me, I was a fair young curate then!" and the charming duet between "Sir Marmaduke" (Mr. Rousbey) and "Lady Sungazure" (Miss Brandram), and the gabbling song of "Mr. John Wellington Wells," the Sorcerer (Mr. Ryley), have received encores nightly. In the now well-known *Trial by Jury*, by the same authors, which has been played as an after-piece, the fun has been as irresistible as ever. Mr. Ryley makes anything but a grave judge, and sings the famous "Judge's Song" with great effect, while "Plaintiff," "Defendant," "Bridesmaids," "Counsel," and the rest, fill their parts with great spirit and efficiency. From beginning to end, the entertainment provided by this excellent company has been of a most enjoyable character. On Whit-Monday, Mr. J. L. Toole will appear in the new drama, *A Fool and his Money*, and *The Steeplechase*.

Manchester amusements are plentiful at present. In addition to the three theatres, Gilmore's American Band gives concerts to-day (Friday) and to-morrow. Mr. Ferrani also gives a concert to-night, and Mr. Pyne an organ recital at the Town Hall on Saturday. Next week, the Races, Manley Hall, Belle Vue, and Pomona with its Whale, offer their several attractions, and the Australian Cricketers play the Longsight Club on the three last days of the week.

## DIZZY AGAIN!

**W**HEN Beaconsfield shall cross the sea,  
Abroad his greatness airing,  
To show his statesmanship, and set  
The foreigners a staring,  
'Twere well that he should pause to think  
Ere from the shore he parted,  
Lest he return a smaller man  
Than was he when he started—  
For should the waves he boasts to rule  
His ship to toss be busy,  
Lord Beaconsfield he'll then throw up,  
And once again be Dizzy!

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

**W**HY did the Government call out the thirty thousand men belonging to the Reserve Forces? We know not; at least, we know of no good reason for their having done so. Now that these men are scattered through our barracks, their wives and children are left to starve at home. A National Relief Committee make the following reference to the case in an appeal which they have issued:—"The pathetic details of the misery attendant on the call of the Reserve men to their duty, in every part of the country, have been too often and too eloquently narrated by the press to need reiteration and dilation in this appeal. It is simply necessary to insist upon the fact that thousands of deserving and respectable families are deprived of the services of their bread-winners, and must inevitably, unless promptly and liberally succoured, fall into the class of parish paupers, or perchance in many instances tend to swell the number of our already too numerous criminals." Why, we repeat, should the Government have inflicted, why do they continue to inflict, all this misery on thousands of deserving homes?

Messrs. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO., of London, and Messrs. A. Ireland and Co., of Manchester, have published in the form of a handsome volume the letters by "Promotion by Merit" on "Purchase in the Church." This crying iniquity receives an exposure at the hands of "Promotion by Merit" such as it never met with from any other writer. The author's style, too, is so terse, his criticism so keen, his banter so boisterous, and his humour so irrepressible that the work will be prized as a literary production alone. "Purchase in the Church" will be a welcome addition to the library of every sound Liberal in the land. It would also do some good if it were introduced into every Bishop's House and Vicarage; but we fear—so true to life are the author's pictures—that many of our clergymen would refuse to accept it even as a present.

SOME appropriate lines, entitled "The Response of Earth to Heaven," appear in the *Herald of Peace* for this month. "Peace and good-will to men," was the voice which came from Heaven; "To arms, to arms," is the response which comes from earth. And then the poet adds:

And to a merry tune,  
As in a gay saloon,  
Men lightly step to death:  
Some bound o'er yawning waves,  
Some march to grassy graves,  
And sing with their last breath.  
But when the cannon booms  
The ravens shake their plumes,  
The ghoul-like vultures scream;  
And soon the crashing bones,  
The mortal shrieks and groans,  
Dispel the soldier's dream.  
Yet still the nations fight,  
Heedless of wrong or right,  
Willing, or blindly driven;  
Blood saturates the plain,  
Blood dyes the azure main,  
And almost sprinkles Heaven.

The poet, Mr. H. S. Stokes, of Bodmin, explains that he is "Clerk of the Peace for Cornwall." If Mr. Stokes is "Clerk of the Peace for Cornwall," will he kindly inform us who is the Clerk of the Peace for this weary world as a whole?

## TORY FREE TRADE.

**S**OME months ago the *Courier* proved,  
With much self-gratulation,  
By whom the blessings of free trade  
Were given to the nation—  
How these as well as all things else  
In which our country glories,  
Are owing to the ardent toils  
And wisdom of the Tories!  
Although the facts of History don't  
The *Courier's* views quite favour,  
There never yet existed fact  
Could make its writers waver.  
The secret of its mode of proof  
No mystery envelops;  
Its facts are just invented as  
Its argument develops.  
Should any further proof be asked  
Conviction firm to rivet,  
The Duke of Richmond's Cattle Bill  
Will very quickly give it;  
For there we get a proof at once,  
Which does not need much quibbling,  
And Tory views show better far  
Than reams of party scribbling.  
That foreign cattle can be bought  
Quite free from all diseases,  
Is known to every one, although  
The farmer it displeases;  
But if he keeps his rivals down  
By Government protection,  
The county members' seats will then  
Be safe at the election.  
For should the Liberals get in power,  
So vile are all their leaders,  
The nation's interests they'd prefer  
To those of cattle breeders;  
But safe beneath the Tory rule  
Landlord and farmer flourish,  
Although the suffering poor may get  
No food themselves to nourish.  
Store cattle for the farmer's use  
Are free from all embargo,  
The prohibition's only laid  
Upon the poor man's cargo.  
So from the cheapened foreign joint  
No more his meal he slices,  
For Tories say that he must pay  
The British farmer's prices.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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THE BAND OF THE 106<sup>TH</sup> LIGHT INFANTRY.THE BAND OF THE 19<sup>TH</sup> LANCASHIRE ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS.*The Celebrated MELTHAM MILLS PRIZE BAND,*  
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all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the Improved Fast  
Cushion, that will never become hard.—GLOBE BILLIARD WORKS, 42, Lower  
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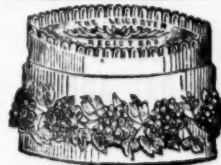
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FOR

BREWERS

AND

OTHERS.



THE L. P. P.

THE L. P. P.

IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now  
celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of  
late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above.  
Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for  
these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P.  
The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be  
surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the  
public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V. C. and D. have found it necessary to  
remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new  
works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive  
trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required.The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision  
purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts  
if inquired for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers,  
Messrs. VICCARS, COLLYER, & DUNMORE, 24, Silver Street, Leicester.**NOTICE OF REMOVAL.**Wholesale London, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Foreign  
**FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,**  
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Manchester (London Road), depart 9-15 a.m.; Stalybridge, 8-40 a.m.; Ashton (M. S. and L.), 8-44 a.m.; Guide Bridge, 9-33 a.m.; Hyde, 9-38 a.m.; Woodley, 9-43 a.m.; Marple, 9-50 a.m.; Hayfield, 8-30 a.m.; New Mills, 10 a.m.; arriving at London (St. Pancras) about 4-15 p.m. Returning from St. Pancras Station on Wednesday, June 12th, and Saturday, June 15th, at 10-5 a.m., and Kentish Town at 10-10 a.m.

Children under three years of age, free; above three and under twelve, half fares. Luggage must be conveyed under the passengers' own care, as the Company will not be responsible. Tickets are not transferable, and will be available for returning by either of these trains only.

Tickets, bills, and all particulars may be obtained at the Midland Company's Booking Offices, and at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly, Manchester, or at any of the above Stations.

Ten minutes will be allowed at Trent Station for refreshments both in going and returning.

An EXCURSION TRAIN will also run from LONDON (St. Pancras Station) to MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, &c., at the same fares, on Saturday, June 8th, returning on Monday, June 10th, or Thursday, June 13th.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

Derby, May, 1878.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

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